



BEDTIME WONDER TALES

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

BEDTIME WONDER TALES

BY
CLIFTON JOHNSON

HOP-O'-MY-THUMB

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER

THE FOX AND THE LITTLE RED HEN

GOLDEN HAIR AND THE THREE BEARS

CINDERELLA

PUSS IN BOOTS

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

THE STORY OF CHICKEN-LICKEN

Additional books will be added
to this series from time to time.



The Giant's fall
(Page 26)

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JACK
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BY
CLIFTON JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY L. SMITH

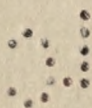


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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The books in this series of Bedtime Wonder Tales are made up of favorite stories from the folklore of all nations. Such stories are particularly enjoyed by children from four to twelve years of age. As here told they are free from the savagery, distressing details, and excessive pathos which mar many of the tales in the form that they have come down to us from a barbaric past. But there has been no sacrifice of the simplicity and humor and sweetness that give them perennial charm.

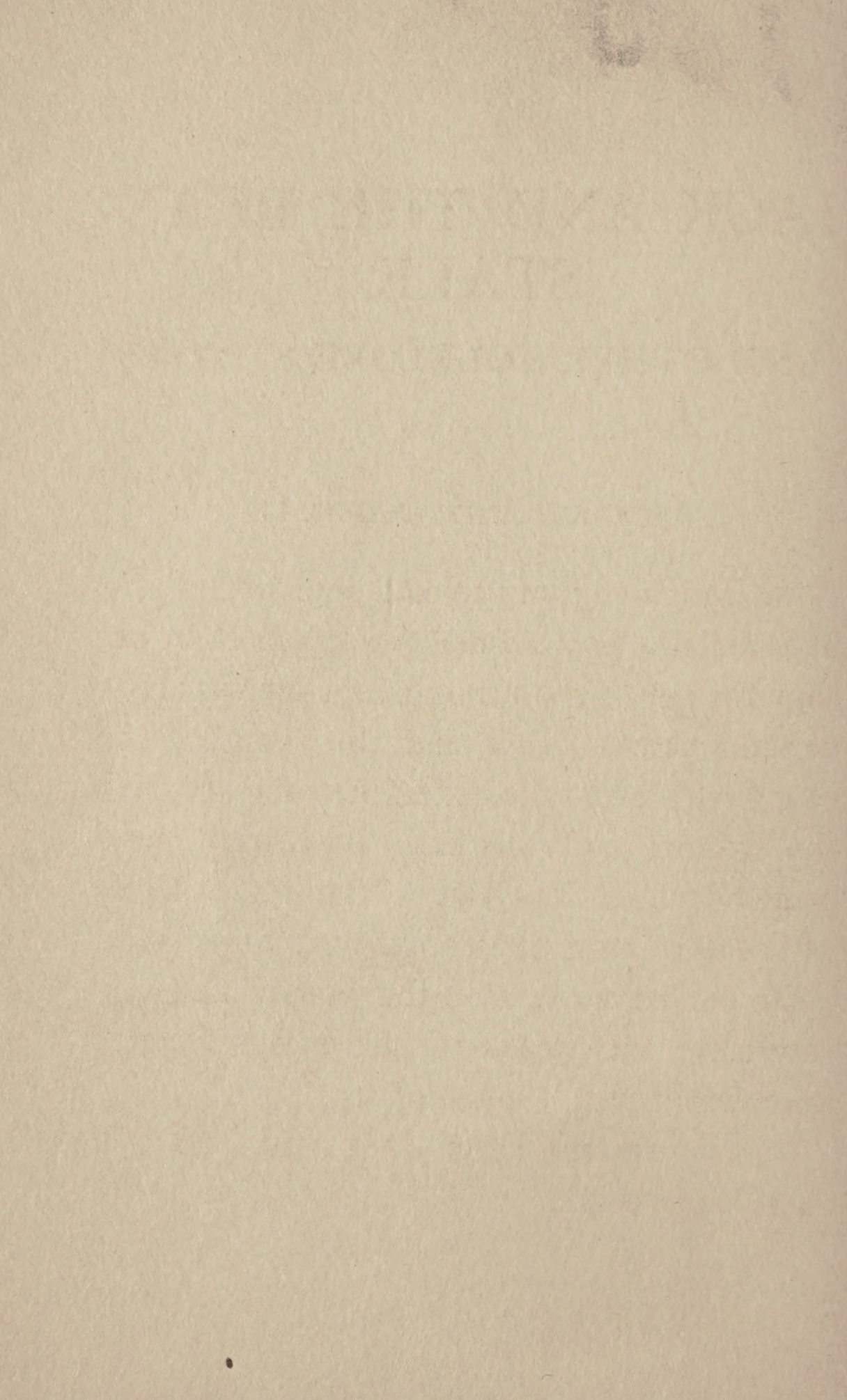
The sources of the stories in this volume are as follows: Page 11, England; 27, Siam; 32, Denmark; 37, Andersen; 59, American Negro; 65, Spain; 83, Silesia; 88, Grimm; 100, American Indian; 115, Scotland; 124, Finland.

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JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK

AND OTHER FOLKLORE STORIES

I

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

LONG, long ago there lived a poor widow who had a little boy named Jack. It was not easy for her to get a living, and she was quite dependent on a cow that she owned. The cow gave a great deal of milk, some of which the woman and the little boy drank, and some of which they sold. But at such times as the cow went dry they fared very badly.

On one such occasion the woman said sorrowfully, with tears in her eyes, "I don't know what will become of us."

"Cheer up, mother," Jack said. "I will go and get work."

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“You are too small,” his mother told him. “No one would hire you. Ah, well! I must take our cow to market and sell her.”

So she tied a rope to the cow's horns and led her away. But she had not gone far when she met a queer-looking old man, who stopped, and said, “Good-morning, madam.”

“Good-morning to you,” was her response.

“Where are you off to this morning?” the old man asked.

“I am going to market to sell my cow,” the woman answered.

“If that is the case,” the old man said, “I will save you the trouble of going any farther, for I will buy your cow right here.”

“And how much will you give me for her?” the woman inquired.

Then the old man took a little bag from his pocket and opened it for her to look inside. But all she saw was a handful of

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beans. "I will give you these beans in exchange for your cow," the old man told her.

"I would rather not make such a bargain as that," the woman said. "Those beans would not be enough for one meal."

"Oh, they are not for you to eat!" the old man exclaimed. "You must plant them. They are magic beans that will bring you good luck, and they are worth much more than your cow."

The woman looked again, and she saw that the beans were very curious and of many pretty colors. So at last she consented to take them and let the old man have the cow.

But on her way home, the more she thought about what she had done the more foolish she thought she had been. When she was back in her cottage kitchen she poured the beans out into her hand and threw them into the fire.

"I can't bear the sight of them," she said;

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“and now we shall soon starve, I suppose.”

She thought all the beans were burned, but one of them had rolled out across the floor. The next day, as she was sweeping, she swept the little bean along without noticing it, and she might have swept it into the fire-place had not her little boy, Jack, seen it.

He picked it up, and said, “I’m going to plant this bean, mother.”

So he took the bean out, dug a little hole near a corner of the cottage, dropped in the bean, and covered it with earth. The next morning he found that its first leaves had pushed their way up out of the ground. On the second morning it was as tall as he was. On the third morning it was as high as the house, and the morning after that it was as high as the church steeple. It kept growing so fast that its top was soon clear out of sight.

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Then Jack said, "I'm going to climb this beanstalk"; and he climbed and climbed and climbed until at last he reached the sky.

There he found a strange country without a tree, shrub, house, or living creature anywhere in sight. He sat down on a stone to rest, and said, "Humph! if this is all there is up here I may as well go back home."

But while he was resting he saw a beautiful lady coming toward him along a path that led away over a hill. As soon as she arrived where Jack was she spoke to him, and he rose and took off his hat.

"I am a fairy," she said, "and I want to tell you something about your father. Do you remember him?"

"No," Jack answered, "and when I ask my mother about him she always begins to cry and will say nothing."

"I thought as much," the fairy said, "and

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you will understand why your mother never speaks of him when you hear my story. He was a brave and generous knight, and the fairies were his friends and made him many wonderful presents. But after a time a wicked giant came to your father's castle and killed him, and carried off all the wonderful things the fairies had given him.

“At the same time the giant carried off your mother and you, who were then a little baby. He shut you both up in one of his dungeons, but at last he offered to release you and your mother on condition that she should never speak about her wrongs to any one. She agreed, and he carried her to a place a great distance from where she had lived and been known before. There he left her with just money enough to rent a little cottage and buy a cow.

“That giant lives in the country where you are now, and if you follow this path you

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will find his big castle over yonder hill. All that he has is rightfully yours, and perhaps you can contrive some way to regain possession of what he stole from your father.”

II

A GIANT AND HIS WIFE

THE fairy went on her way, and Jack, after thinking things over, concluded to have a look at the giant's castle. He walked along the path and found the castle in a valley beyond the hill. On the doorstep sat a giant woman. Night was at hand, and Jack went to the giantess and said very politely: "Good-evening, ma'am. Would you be so kind as to give me some supper?"

"Is it supper you want?" the big woman said. "It's supper you'll be if you don't move away from here. My husband is a giant, and he likes to eat little boys."

"But I am very hungry," Jack said, "and I've had no food at all this day since early morning."

“Well, well, then I don’t wonder that you are hungry!” the giantess responded. “Come along to the kitchen, and I’ll see what I can find for you.”

She took him into the kitchen and gave him a piece of cheese and a bowl of bread and milk. He had not quite finished eating when, tramp, tramp, tramp! he heard the steps of some one coming, and the whole castle trembled with the heavy footfalls.

“Gracious me!” the giant’s wife exclaimed, “that’s my husband. Be quick, lad, and jump into the oven or he’ll catch you.”

She bundled Jack into the oven just as the giant came in. The big fellow looked around the room and sniffed the air. “Fe-fi-fo-fum, I smell fresh meat!” he said.

“Yes,” his wife responded, “today the crows brought a piece of raw flesh to the top of the house and dropped it on the roof.”

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“Ha!” the giant growled, “I thought it was something nearer and fresher than that.” But he sat down at the table, and Jack watched him through a crevice of the oven door, amazed to see what a quantity of food he ate.

After he finished supper the giant’s wife cleared away the dishes and went off to bed. “I am getting a bit sleepy myself,” the giant said, “but I must have a look at my money.”

Then he opened a big chest and took out several bags of gold coins, and returned to the table. He sat down, emptied a bag, and began to count the coins. But before he finished he nodded off into a nap, and was soon snoring with a noise like thunder.

Jack then climbed out of the oven, and by getting on a chair beside the table he reached one of the bags of gold. With that in his hands he ran as fast as he could to the beanstalk. After pausing a few mo-

ments to tie the bag of gold to his belt he called out, "Hump it and bump it, and down I go!" and in a little while he had descended to his mother's garden.

A light shone from the kitchen window, and his mother was waiting for him in great anxiety. When he came in she was overjoyed to have him safely back.

They had money enough now, but Jack could not help thinking how many things the giant had that were rightfully theirs, and before long he again climbed the beanstalk. This time he carried some food so that he did not have to beg of the giant's wife. Near the great castle he hid behind a rock and watched until he saw the giantess come out to the well with a pail. While she was busy filling the pail with water he ran into the kitchen and hid in a closet.

Soon the woman brought in the water, and by and by, tramp, tramp! came the giant.

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He began to sniff the instant he entered the kitchen. "Fe-fi-fo-fum! I smell fresh meat," he exclaimed.

"Do you?" his wife said. "Supposing we look around then. If there's anybody hiding here it's likely to be in the oven."

So they went to the oven. But luckily Jack was not there. "Well, it's empty," the giant's wife said, "and I thought it would be. I'm tired of hearing your fe-fi-fo-fum!"

The giant wanted to do more looking, but his wife said: "No, I won't have you mussing up the house. You would turn everything you could lay your hands on topsyturvy in your searching. I know that from experience. So sit down and eat your supper."

That was what he did, and afterward he called out, "Wife, bring me the little speckled hen that lays the golden eggs."

She brought the hen and put it on the table, saying, "If you don't need me any more, my dearie, I will go to the next room to finish some sewing I have there."

"No, I don't need you," the giant told her. "Go along."

Then he took the little hen and said, "Lay"; and the hen laid an egg of solid gold. The giant held the egg in his hand and looked at it for a while; but pretty soon he fell asleep and snored so that the house shook.

Jack crept out of the closet then, climbed on a chair by the table, grabbed the little speckled hen, and ran. That frightened the hen, and she gave a cackle which woke the giant.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes, and Jack, who was now at the door, heard him calling, "Wife, wife, what have you done with my hen that lays the gold egg?"

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She came hurrying to the kitchen from the next room, and said, "Why do you ask, my dear?"

But Jack kept running, and he got too far away to hear any more. In a short time he came to the beanstalk. "Hump it and bump it, and down I go!" he shouted, and soon he was at the foot of the beanstalk and went into the house to his mother.

They took the best of care of the hen, and every day Jack told her to lay, and she laid a golden egg. After a time Jack went up the beanstalk again, and he kept going up every few days until he had carried off pretty much all the giant's treasures. Finally, one night he tried to get the giant's bed-quilt. The quilt was made of silk of many colors, and it was adorned with beautiful jewels, and all along the edge were little silver bells that went tinkle, tinkle when Jack began to pull it off the bed.

The giant heard the bells, and he called out, "Who's round my house this dark dismal night?"

Jack kept perfectly still until the giant was snoring, and then he pulled the quilt off a little farther. The bells went tinkle, tinkle and the giant woke up. "Who's round my house this dark dismal night?" he shouted.

Jack stopped pulling and stayed as quiet as a mouse. But no sooner was the giant asleep again than Jack got the bed-quilt a little farther off, and he kept on pulling at intervals until at last he had it all. Then he ran away with it, and how the bells did jingle! The giant was roused from his sleep, and he jumped up and started in hot pursuit of the lad.

Jack kept on at his best speed, and got to the beanstalk first. "Hump it and bump it, and down I go!" he shouted, and he was

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not long in getting to his mother's garden.

But the giant was climbing down the beanstalk after him, and the beanstalk was shaking beneath the monster's weight. Jack could hear the giant coming, and when he looked up he saw the big fellow's legs just appearing through the clouds. So he hurried to the woodshed and got a hatchet and began to chop at the beanstalk.

The giant felt the beanstalk quiver, and he stopped to look down to find out what was the matter. Just at that moment Jack gave a blow with his hatchet that brought the beanstalk, giant, and all tumbling to the earth. The fall killed the giant instantly. Jack and his mother were rich people afterward to the end of their days.

III

THE ENVIOUS NEIGHBOR

THERE was once a poor man in a tropical country who dwelt for many weary years in a city, and then, because he suffered great privations and often went hungry, he decided to go elsewhere. So he left the city and traveled far out in the country to the edge of a wilderness. There he built a hut and dug up a piece of ground for a garden.

He depended on this garden to furnish him a living, and he planted some corn and melon seeds, which soon sent green sprouts up to the light. The growing melon vines and corn received the best of care, and they thrived luxuriantly.

When the crops began to mature, the

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monkeys of the adjacent wilderness observed the good things that were ripening in the garden, and they came daily to eat of them. The man thought of his past privations and sufferings, and he willingly shared the product of his labor with the monkeys. They wondered greatly what sort of person he was that permitted them to eat unmolested of his corn and melons.

One day the man lay down in the garden and fell asleep. By and by he became aware of the arrival of a troop of monkeys, but he continued to lie there as if sound asleep.

When they saw him they drew near and cried out with one accord: "He is dead! Our good friend is dead! Lo, these many days we have eaten of the things growing in his garden. Therefore it is only just that we should bury him in as choice a place as we can find."

The man heard what they said, but he did

not open his eyes or stir, for he was curious to find out what they would do. They lifted him and carried him till they came to a place where two ways met.

Then one of the monkeys said, "Let us take him to the cave of silver."

Another said, "No, the cave of gold would be better."

"Go to the cave of gold," the head monkey commanded.

There they carried the man and left him. When he was alone, he arose, gathered all the gold he could carry, and returned to his home. The riches thus easily gained, enabled him to build a fine house, and to live in great comfort.

This sudden change in his condition aroused the curiosity of his neighbors. One of them said to him, "How did you, who came here so poor, gain all the wealth which you must possess to live as you do?"

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The man freely told all that had befallen him, and the neighbor said, "What you have done I can do too."

Without further delay the neighbor hastened home, planted a piece of ground with corn and melons, and waited for the monkeys to feast there. Everything came to pass as he had hoped. When the corn and melons ripened, great numbers of monkeys came to eat them.

One day the monkeys found the owner of the field lying in it, apparently dead. Their gratitude prompted them to give him a worthy burial, and they carried him to the place where the two roads met. Here they disputed as to whether they should place the man in the cave of silver or the cave of gold.

Meanwhile the man was thinking, "As soon as I am alone in the cave I will begin gathering up the gold, and I will make a

basket of bamboo so I can carry home a much larger amount than my neighbor brought away."

Presently the head monkey said, "Put him in the cave of silver."

That was such a disappointment to the man, he forgot he was supposed to be dead, and he exclaimed, "No, put me in the cave of gold!"

At once the monkeys dropped him and fled in great fright; and the man, bruised and disappointed, crept sorrowfully home.

IV

A TROLL'S LETTER

A TROLL once made his home on a hill near a village. Trolls are wicked little creatures who very much dislike churches and who never willingly live within sight or hearing of them. So when a church was built on the slope of the hill where the troll dwelt he was greatly disturbed.

Every time he looked at the church his anger was roused, and he was so annoyed by the ringing of the bells in the steeple that he would stop his ears till the ringing ceased. The longer he stayed the worse he felt, and at last he moved away over a mountain where the church was hidden from view and the sound of the bells could not be heard.

There he lived in peace and quiet, but he had not forgotten the church, and he nursed a desire to be revenged for the discomfort he had suffered. At length he prepared a letter which he thought would gain for him the revenge he so keenly desired.

Then he assumed the form of a laborer and went out on the highway seeking some one for a messenger. By and by a man came along who was going south in the direction whence the troll had come when he moved from his old home.

The troll greeted him and asked, "Where do you live?"

"I live in the village beyond the mountain," the man replied.

"Oh! do you?" the troll said. "And are you on your way back?"

"Yes," the man answered. "I hope to get home by night."

"I have a letter I want to send there," the

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troll said. "Would you be so kind as to take it for me?"

"Of course I will take it," the man responded. "It will be no trouble at all."

Then the troll gave the letter to the man, who put it in his coat pocket. "I remember that the churchyard entrance is on the uphill side of your village church," the troll said. "Don't take out the letter till you get there. Then throw it over the wall just beyond the churchyard gate, and the person for whom it is intended will get it."

The troll now parted from the man, who trudged off over the mountain. He kept on till he reached home, and he never once thought of the letter.

The next day he went to work in a meadow at the foot of the hill on which stood the church. While he was sitting on a boulder at noon eating his lunch he chanced to remember his promise to the troll.

“I must take that letter to the churchyard,” he said. “Who can it be intended for? I suppose the address is on the outside. I am to throw it over the wall beyond the gate. What a strange way to deliver a letter!”

He drew it out of his pocket and sat with it in his hand. Suddenly he felt a drop of water in his palm. He looked to see what it was, and to his surprise found a tiny stream coming from under the seal of the letter.

The water ran faster and faster, and soon the letter burst open and a flood rushed forth. It was as much as the poor fellow could do to escape with his life; for the wicked troll had inclosed a whole lake in his letter.

The troll had intended to destroy the church and the bells which had so annoyed him when he lived on the hill. But the water

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ran out in the meadow instead. It formed a little lake which is still there, and up the hill is the church whose bells, when they ring now, sound sweetly over the water of the troll's lake.

V

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

THERE was once a young prince whose grandmother, when he was a very little boy just beginning to go to school, used to say to him: "If you could only go to the Garden of Eden you would find that every flower there tastes like the sweetest of cakes. Besides, the more of the flowers you ate, the more you would know. You would not have the trouble of learning your lessons at school in geography, history, arithmetic, and the rest."

The prince thought that such a way of getting his lessons would just suit him, but his grandmother was unable to give him any information as to where this wonderful garden

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was to be found. He looked in his books. They were many and beautiful, and told about all the countries and peoples in the world; yet there was not in them a word of what he most wanted to know, which was where to find the Garden of Eden.

His desire to see this garden continued even till he was a young man. When he was eighteen years old he went into the forest one day. To wander there was his chief delight. Evening approached, the clouds gathered, the rain poured down, and it was as dark as it is at night in the deepest well. The prince slipped in the wet grass and stumbled over the stones. Everything was dripping with water and he had not a dry thread on him.

His strength was almost gone when he saw, just ahead, a large lighted cavern. In the middle of the cavern burned a huge fire, over which a full-grown stag with branching



In the Cavern of the Winds

antlers was being roasted whole. An aged woman, but big and strong, hovered about the fire, throwing on it one piece of wood after another.

“Come nearer and dry your clothes,” she said when she saw the prince.

He thanked her and sat down by the fire, holding his hands out to the warmth. The cavern was very chilly. “There is a terrible draft here,” he said.

“It will be still worse when my sons come home,” the woman told him. “You are in the Cavern of the Winds. The Four Winds are my sons.”

“Where are they now?” the prince asked.

“I can’t say,” the woman replied. “They do as they please and most likely are playing at football with the clouds. Yes, they are rough fellows, but I can control them. Do you see those four sacks hanging on the wall? Whenever this son or that

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does not behave to suit me, I make him get into a sack, and there he has to stay till I choose to let him out. Here comes one of them now."

It was the North Wind. He brought with him freezing coldness, flakes of snow floated in the air around him, hailstones bounded on the ground at his feet, and there were long icicles hanging from his beard. He was dressed in a jacket and trousers of bearskin, and a sealskin cap was on his head.

"You look frost-bitten!" the prince said.

"Frost-bitten!" the North Wind repeated, laughing. "Frost is my greatest delight. But what spindle-shanked boy are you? How did you get into the Cavern of the Winds?"

"He is my guest," the old woman said, "and if you are not content with this explanation you shall go into a sack."

VI

THE FOUR WINDS

THE North Wind turned away from the prince and began to tell his mother how he had spent the last month, for it was only once a month that he and his brothers visited their home.

“I come from the Arctic Ocean,” he said. “I have been with a Russian whaleship to a desolate polar island. It was a glorious place, all snow and ice and barren rocks, and on the island was just one lonely shed built from a wreck and covered with the skins of whales. The fishing began, and then I remembered my part of the sport. I made the great iceberg mountains surround the ship. Oh, how the crew shouted! but I

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shouted still louder. They were obliged to throw their cargo into the sea, and I shook snowflakes over them and drove them southward. They will never go again to that island."

"You have told us enough," the old woman said. "Here is your brother of the West."

The West Wind held in his hand a club of mahogany wood, and he wore a slouched hat and looked like a wild man.

"Whence do you come?" his mother asked.

"From the forest wastes," he answered. "There I raised such a storm that the primeval trees crashed to the ground, broken to splinters. I have cut capers on the plains. I have ridden wild horses and shaken coconut trees. Ah, yes!"

Now came the South Wind wearing a turban and a flowing mantle. "It is wretch-

edly cold here," he said, throwing more wood on the fire. "One can easily feel that the North Wind has arrived before me."

"Sit down on yonder stone," the old woman ordered, "and tell me where you have been."

"In Africa, Mother," he answered. "There I joined a party of Hottentots in a lion hunt. An ostrich ran races with me, but I am swifter than he. I came to the sands of a desert and met a caravan. The desert was so vast it seemed to have no end. The sun burnt from above, and the sand scorched from below. I danced about in the sand, which was fine and loose, and whirled it up in huge clouds. What a dance that was! The caravan was buried and lies beneath the sand on the wide lonely desert."

"You have done very badly," the mother declared. "Into a sack with you!" And before he could say another word she seized

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him, doubled him up, and popped him into a sack.

That was not to his liking, and he kicked so the sack was kept rolling about the ground. Then the mother sat down on it, and he was obliged to be still.

"These are desperately wild fellows," the prince said.

"Yes, truly," she agreed, "but they are obliged to obey me. Here is the fourth."

This was the East Wind dressed like a Chinese. "Well," the old woman said, "do you come from the Garden of Eden?"

"I go there tomorrow," the East Wind answered. "It will be a hundred years then since my last visit. I have just come from China where I have been playing about a bell tower and making the bells clink, 'Tsing, tsang, tsu!'"

"You are mischievous," the old woman said. "I am glad you are going to the

Garden of Eden tomorrow. Your visits to it always make you gentler and more mannerly."

She now rose and released the South Wind from the sack. "It is time we had something to eat," she said.

The stag was lifted from the fire and they all gathered round it and ate heartily. The prince sat beside the East Wind, and they soon became friends. "I wish you would tell me where the Garden of Eden is situated," the prince said.

"If you wish to go there," the East Wind responded, "come with me tomorrow; but I must inform you that no human being has been to the Garden of Eden since the time of Adam and Eve. When they were driven out, the garden sank deep down into a cavern. It, however, retained its warm sunshine and all its splendor. There it is now, just as beautiful as it ever was, and it is the

dwelling-place of the Fairy Queen. Do you wish to go to it with me?"

"Nothing would please me better," the prince affirmed.

They finished eating and soon afterward they all lay down and went to sleep.

VII

AN AIR JOURNEY

EARLY in the morning the prince awoke, and he was not a little astonished to find himself far up above the clouds. He was seated on the back of the East Wind, who kept tight hold of him, and they were so high that the scene below, with its forests and fields, rivers and lakes, appeared like a huge colored map.

“Good morning,” the East Wind said. “You can just as well sleep longer.”

“But I have slept enough,” the prince responded. “I am afraid it was uncivil for me to depart without taking leave of your mother and brothers.”

“That can be excused,” the East Wind said, “for we started before you were awake.”

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Now they flew faster than before—how fast was shown by the tops of the trees whose branches and leaves rustled as the Wind passed over. It was shown too by the seas and lakes; for, as the Wind swept on, the waves rose higher, and the large ships bowed low like swans in the water. The prince was so delighted with the sight of the ships bounding along over the white-capped waves that he clapped his hands; but the East Wind begged him to sit quiet lest he should fall.

An eagle flew swiftly over the dark woods, yet not so swiftly as the East Wind.

“Now you can see the Himalaya Mountains,” the Wind said. “They are the highest mountains in the world.”

Then they turned more to the south and presently inhaled the fragrance of spices and flowers. Figs and pomegranates were growing wild, and red and white grapes hung

from the vines. Here the East Wind descended with the prince to the earth. They stretched themselves on the soft grass, and the flowers nodded to them as if they wished to say, "Welcome, welcome!"

"Are we in the Garden of Eden?" the Prince asked.

"No, not yet," the East Wind answered. "But we shall be there soon. Do you see yonder lofty cliff? In its front is an opening before which the vines hang like a green curtain. That is the entrance to the Garden of Eden. The sun is warm here, but as soon as we go into the cliff you will find the air as cold as ice, and will need to wrap your cloak about you."

They rose, went to the cliff, and passed behind the curtain of vines. Oh, how freezing it was in there! But the cold did not last long. In places the passage was so low that they were obliged to creep along on their

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hands and knees, and again it was high and broad.

After a while the East Wind pointed to where the loveliest blue light was beaming to meet them. The rocks overhead became more and more like mists, and at last were like a white cloud in the moonlight. The air was as balmy and fresh as among the mountains, and as fragrant as among the roses of the valleys.

Here flowed a river as clear as the air. Gold and silver fish swam in it, and purple eels which emitted blue sparks at every motion were playing beneath the surface, and there were water-lilies which shone with all the colors of the rainbow. A bridge, cunningly and delicately carved, led over to the other shore.

While the prince was being conducted by the East Wind across this bridge, the flowers and leaves began to sing the sweetest

songs about his childhood in wavy mellow tones such as no human voice could imitate. He saw lions and tigers and other fierce beasts playing on the grass beneath the trees, perfectly tame and harmless, and he saw the shyest of the forest creatures rambling about wholly without fear.

VIII

THE FAIRY QUEEN

THE prince and his companion were met by the fairy queen. Her garments were as radiant as the sun, and her countenance was full of gentleness. She was young and beautiful, and she was attended by several charming maidens.

After speaking for a time with the East Wind, she took the prince by the hand and led him into her palace. She showed him its splendors, and, last of all, they entered a high spacious hall in the midst of which stood a large tree loaded with golden apples that hung like oranges among the green leaves. This was the Tree of Knowledge.

Now they went out and entered a boat, and no sooner had they pushed off from the shore than the boat stood still and the land began to move. All the countries in the world seemed to glide past.

First came the snow-covered Alps with their clouds and dark fir forests and the herdsmen singing merrily in the valleys. Then came Australia with its strange trees, its strange animals, and its savages dancing to barbarous music. Next Egypt's towering pyramids, overthrown columns, and ruined temples moved past. The shore continued in motion disclosing country after country, and in the final scene the aurora beamed over the icy mountains of the north.

The prince was very happy. "May I stay here always?" he asked as they returned to land.

"That depends on yourself," the fairy answered. "If you refrain from doing what

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is forbidden, you need never go away. But examine yourself. If you are not strong enough, return with the East Wind who brought you. Here he comes to meet us. He is ready to fly back and will not return for a hundred years.

“The time will pass in the garden as if it were only a hundred days, but that is a long time for temptation. Every evening, when I leave you, I must invite you to come with me. But beware of attending to my call. Do not follow, for every step will increase the temptation.

“I shall go into the hall where the Tree of Knowledge stands, for I sleep under the tree’s drooping branches. If you come after me and so much as touch me, the Garden of Eden will be lost to you, and sorrow and care will be your inheritance.”

“I will stay here,” the prince responded.

“Then be strong,” the East Wind said,

“and we shall see each other again after a hundred years. Farewell!”

The East Wind spread out his great wings, and the storks and pelicans, like a streaming ribbon, flew after him and kept him company to the boundary of the gardens.

“Now we will begin our dances,” the fairy announced. “When the sun is sinking I shall stop dancing and leave you. As I go I shall beckon and call to you. Thus I must do each evening for a hundred years. But do not heed me, and every day your strength will increase till at last you will not even think of following. This evening is the first time. I have warned you.”

The fairy led the prince into a large hall around the borders of which was a double row of white transparent lilies, and the yellow stamens in each flower formed a little golden harp that gave forth most delicious music. They danced, and the fairy’s maid-

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ens danced with them and sang how delightful life was, and that the Garden of Eden would flourish forever.

By and by the sun went down, and the prince saw the farther end of the hall open. There stood the Tree of Knowledge shining with such splendor that his eyes were dazzled. The fairy queen was leaving, but she turned and nodded to the prince, saying, "Come with me; come with me."

Instantly he forgot her warnings and hastened to follow her. The spicy fragrance around became stronger, and the harps sounded more sweetly than ever. When the fairy reached the tree she bent the boughs asunder and in another moment was concealed behind them.

The prince paused. "I have not yet sinned," he said. "Neither will I."

For some time he stood irresolute; then he pushed aside the boughs and saw the fairy

lying asleep, beautiful as only the fairy queen of the Garden of Eden could be. But he noticed tears on her long eyelashes.

“Are you weeping on my account?” he whispered, bending over her. “Oh, weep not, loveliest of creatures!” and he kissed her softly on the forehead.

At the same moment there was a clap of thunder louder and deeper than any he had ever heard before. The charming fairy, the wonderful palace, the beautiful garden were gone in a twinkling, and the prince lay for a long time as if dead.

A cold rain was beating in his face, and a cutting wind was whistling around him when he regained his senses. “What have I done?” he sighed as he opened his eyes.

He sat up and found that he was in the forest close to the Cavern of the Winds. The mother of the Winds sat by his side. She looked angry, and exclaimed: “The

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very first evening! Well, it is just as I expected. If you were my son you should go forthwith into a sack."

Now there came from the forest depths a strong old man. Out of his shoulders grew large black wings, and he carried a scythe. He was Father Time.

"You have lost the Garden of Eden," he said, addressing the prince, "but perhaps not forever. You still have the chance to live a good life. If you do, I shall one day carry you back to the Garden, and there you can dwell always."

IX

MR. WOLF'S DAUGHTER

THERE was once a wolf who had a beautiful and clever daughter. She was the finest girl in the country, and all the men animals who did not already have partners came courting her.

It made her proud to have so many to pick from, but she was a lively creature, and though she smiled on all of them she turned up her nose if a beau wanted to stop courting and go to keeping house.

“No,” she would say, “I am not ready yet to settle down like my mother.”

By and by her daddy got exasperated at the foolishness that was going on. He had been kept awake night after night by the giggling and chaffing of the young people.

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They were sitting in his best armchairs and wearing them out when they ought to have been sleeping and getting strength to work and earn their living the next day.

So one morning he said to his daughter: "You must choose the man you like best and start a home of your own. I'm not going to have you trotting around any more and fetching company here to eat our victuals and be waited on by your mother."

When he said that, the girl sniffed and pouted, but she knew she must do as he ordered. So after a while she told him he might get ready whatever he was going to give her for a wedding present.

"Who are you going to marry?" he asked.

She blushed and dropped her eyes. "I think young Mr. Fox is a mighty nice man," she said.

"Well," the old wolf growled, "it's true enough that he's a sweet talker. He can't

be beat when it comes to courting the girls. But as far as brains are concerned he's an idiot."

The wolf was not overmuch pleased. However, his daughter declared she would have Mr. Fox and no one else, and her mother urged Mr. Wolf to allow the girl to have her way.

So at last he ceased opposing them, and let the family relatives and friends know that Mr. Fox would soon marry his daughter. The wedding was to be a grand affair, and all hands went to work to get ready for it.

In the midst of the preparations young Mr. Fox called at Mr. Wolf's house and began to brag about his wedding clothes.

"I've been to the tailor," he said, "and I've told him to make as fine a suit as he knows how. The clothes are to have pretty shining buttons on them. There'll be two

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rows down the front of the coat and some on the sleeves, and I told the tailor to put a button here—”

He started to reach around to the back of his coat, but at that moment a big flea gave him a terrible bite on his knee. He could not help clapping his hand to the spot.

Fleas are very bad in the wolf houses, but the wolves do not like to have any one say so. They get angry if a visitor shows that he has been bitten. Mr. Fox knew how touchy they were on that subject, and when he grabbed for the flea he pretended he was just showing where a button was going to be.

Then he went on to say, “And I told the tailor to put a button here—”

Again he was about to point around to the back of his coat when the flea nipped him in the ribs, and he made a clutch there without delay.

He cleared his throat and tried once more

to show where the button was to be. "I'm going to have a button here—" he said, but the flea pinched him on the neck.

No sooner had he slapped that place and resumed his story than he got a bite on the hip. The bites continued, and he kept putting the buttons here and there till he was wild with confusion and discomfort, and he had scratched almost everywhere.

Finally the flea gave him a most savage bite on the nose just as he was telling where a button was going, and he could not help clawing the spot.

Meantime old Mr. Wolf had been getting madder and madder right straight along, and when Mr. Fox said he was going to have a button on the end of his nose he could hold in his wrath no longer.

"Hi!" he exclaimed, "I can prove now that I made no mistake while you were courting my daughter when I said you were an

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idiot. I haven't been at all anxious to welcome you into my family from the start. But I gave in to the girl and her mother.

"The time has come for them to give in to me. I take my stand, and all the women-folks in the world can't persuade me to have a son-in-law who wants to look as if toadstools were growing all over him. Put a button on your nose if you want to, but you're not going to carry a nose decorated like that into a house you share with my daughter."

Then he flung open the door and drove Mr. Fox out. Later Mr. Fox and his kinsfolk and the neighbors tried to get him to relent, but he was so angry he would not listen to a word they said, nor even to the appeals of his wife and daughter.

The next week he had the girl marry the leanest old timber wolf that ever drew breath, and since that time he has not had a thing to do with any fox whatever.

X

THE ENCHANTED MULE

THERE was once a hostler named Peter, who was so poor that he had to go about in rags. One day an archbishop came riding on a richly caparisoned mule to the inn where the poor hostler worked. He was followed by several of his attendants on foot, and they helped him to dismount.

Then the archbishop turned to the hostler, and said: "Feed and take care of my mule for the night. In the morning I shall resume my journey."

So Peter led the mule into the stable, where he removed its saddle and bridle, gave it the best stall, and fed it all the hay and oats it would eat. The next morning he fed

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it again, curried it, and put on its gay trappings.

“Ah!” he sighed, “look at the fine things this mule has on, while I wear rags; and look at its well-filled sides. It lives a very comfortable life, and always has the best of everything. My life, on the contrary, is full of hardship. I have only a hovel for a dwelling, and even were it a mansion I could find small pleasure in it, for when I am at home my wife is constantly scolding me. Would that I might change places with the archbishop’s mule.”

He leaned against a manger and was laughing loud and long at this fancy of his when the mule looked around at him and began to speak.

“What ho!” it exclaimed; “you would change with me, would you? But you must remember that my reverend master is fat and heavy. A weary load I often find him.”

“And yet see the care you get,” the hostler said, “and the plentiful food you always have.”

“Well,” the mule responded, “I would nevertheless like a little freedom, and I would sooner be you than myself. So, if you want to change places with me, just take hold of both my ears, and you shall be the archbishop’s mule without any further trouble.”

“That will suit me exactly,” the hostler declared. “Better to be a well-fed mule than a half-starved hostler with a scolding wife.”

So saying, he seized the mule by the ears and was immediately transformed. “Now for once I will eat all I want,” he said. “Here, brother, give me some more hay and oats!”

The former mule, however, was so rejoiced over being in human form and at his escape

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from all restraint that he paid no attention to Peter's words, but at once left the stable and went for a stroll.

Peter began to fear that in becoming a mule he had made a mistake. Then the thought occurred to him that if he was going off on a long journey with the archbishop he ought to say good-by to his wife and his old mother. He started to go to them, but found he was tied, and though he pulled hard at his halter he could not get free.

"Wait till the archbishop comes for me," he said, "and as soon as I am led out of the stable I will break away and run home."

At length the archbishop appeared and called for his mule. The hostler could not be found. So some of the archbishop's attendants went into the stable and returned with Peter the mule.

As they were tightening the saddle girths the creature bolted away. Down the road

he went as fast as he could go in the direction of his house, and the archbishop concluded that the mule had gone crazy.

His servants gave chase, shouting: "Stop the beast! Stop it!" and the rabble joined in the pursuit.

Peter never paused till he arrived at his house. His mother sat at the door spinning, and as she was very deaf she did not hear the commotion of his clattering hoofs and the yelling of the crowd. He came close to her unperceived and tried to take her hand. It was his intention to ask her to bless him before he went away with the archbishop. But he found that he could no longer speak the language of human beings, and his harsh braying and his attempts to grasp his mother's hand greatly frightened the old woman.

She sprang to her feet and hit him over the head with the distaff, at the same time

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crying out, "Get away from here, you horrid mule!"

A moment later his wife appeared in the doorway and threw a basin of water over him. Now the crowd gathered round. Peter was seized, and the servants started to lead him back to the stable, but he would not go. He stood on his hind legs, and then he lay down and rolled in the dirt till the scarlet saddle-cloth was spoiled.

At last he suddenly rose, rushed into the cottage, and tried to sit on his accustomed chair. His wife and mother fled to the street, but the crowd entered and so cudgelled Peter that he was glad to submit and return to the inn.

XI

A DAY OF EXCITEMENT

AFTER Peter had been groomed he allowed the archbishop to mount him, and the day's journey began. But they had not gone far when the archbishop exclaimed, "Goodness! this mule has the pace of a camel."

True enough, Peter was not accustomed to four legs, and did not know how to use them. So he failed to move his front and rear legs in the proper unison. This caused the archbishop great inconvenience. He was very fat, and as the mule walked along he rolled about in the saddle like a ship in a heavy sea.

At length, in fear of falling off, he seized the pommel with both hands and stood up in the stirrups. Just at that time he was

going through a village, and the inhabitants, who had come out to see him, thought he was about to deliver a sermon. They therefore surrounded Peter, who was thus compelled to stop, uncovered their heads and knelt to await the archbishop's blessing.

Thereupon Peter, who had some idea of the real trouble with the archbishop, gave way to such inward laughter that it brought on a violent fit of coughing. The faithful peasants had their heads devoutly bent toward the ground and, because they did not see the archbishop's face, they supposed the coughing proceeded from him. It seemed to them to be the natural clearing of the throat before speaking.

As for the archbishop, he was becoming seriously frightened and thought that some demon had entered the body of his mule. He gave a cry of alarm. Peter was sadly disconcerted. He did not know what else

to do, and he sat down on his hind quarters.

The result was that the archbishop slid off the mule and landed with his back on the ground. Peter, more alarmed than ever over what he had done, quickly rose. But this only made matters worse, for it completely capsized the venerable archbishop, first standing him on his head, and then sending him rolling in the dust.

Full of anger, the prelate scrambled to his feet and carefully examined his mule to see if he could account for its peculiar behavior. He was greatly mystified when he could discover nothing that did not seem all right.

Peter was sorely grieved at having caused his good master so much annoyance, and he now turned toward the archbishop and went down on his knees, thinking to show that he craved pardon. The villagers who were gathered around were so scared by the mule's unusual action that they took shelter

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behind the archbishop. He, however, was as much afraid as the rest. If it had not been that they held him by his robes he would have run away.

“See!” one of the people cried, “the mule repents what it has done and is asking to be pardoned.”

But the archbishop was not sure about that, and he backed slowly away from the strange-acting quadruped, at the same time pushing the crowd behind him to a safer distance.

It seemed to Peter that there was no advantage in kneeling any longer. So he got up and stood very quietly, hoping to restore his master's confidence. In this he was successful, for the archbishop, after watching him some minutes, was persuaded that the mule had meant him no harm, and presently gained the courage to remount.

Peter, who keenly regretted his errors,

thought he ought to help his master make up for the time he had lost, and he set off at a quick amble. The effect was to make the archbishop so unsteady in the saddle that he could only keep from falling off by gripping the pommel with one hand and the crupper with the other. In this posture he was hurried out of the village, and the people failed to get their expected blessing.

The archbishop's attendants tried to keep up with their master, but, as they were on foot, the long and rapid strides of Peter the mule soon left them far behind. Not till they were within sight of the city to which the archbishop journeyed did they overtake him, and then only because he had slowed his pace to a walk.

The rider was much exhausted and out of breath, and he was so fearful that the mule might start off again that he had a servant walk on either side of his steed holding a

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rein, while he rested a hand on the shoulder of each man.

As they approached the gate of the city a group of priests came forth to welcome them. The leader carried a large silver cross. At sight of the cross, Peter remembered his mother's teachings, and when he drew near the sacred emblem he dropped on his knees, bowing his head to the ground.

This he did so unexpectedly that his rider was nearly thrown out of the saddle. The archbishop's hands had been on the shoulders of two of his servants, and in order to save himself from falling he made a wild grasp and caught them by the hair. They fancied in their fright that the evil one had seized them, and they struck out right and left, nearly stunning their master with the blows they rained on him.

Peter was greatly angered to see the venerable archbishop treated in such a fashion.

He determined to punish the two servants, and started to his feet with the archbishop clinging to his neck. The servants fled, and Peter pursued them, opening wide his mouth to bite and shake them. They sought refuge among the priests, who were hastening to get into a small chapel near by.

When the door closed behind them, the priest bearing the silver cross said, "Our archbishop must have exchanged mules with Beelzebub, for surely no earthly animal would thus treat a prince of the church."

"Aye," one of the fugitive servants argued, "and if the mule's neck had been a foot longer he would have had me dangling in midair."

"I never supposed I could run so fast!" a very short stout priest exclaimed. "Faith! I thought I could feel my legs grow under me."

"But what has become of the archbishop?"

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another asked. "We must not leave him unhelped in his sorry plight."

Then they carefully opened the door a crack and peeped out. There in the highway they beheld the archbishop sitting on the ground where he had fallen off the mule. He was half-fainting with fright and had not the power to rise.

Peter was dashing about amid a crowd of citizens, who, attracted by the noise, had come out from the town to see what was going on. Hither and thither galloped the mule full tilt, wreaking vengeance on all who came within his reach. After tearing the clothing of a half dozen or more and knocking down fully a score, he set off at his best speed along the road by which he had come, and he never stopped until he arrived at the inn where he had been a hostler.

XII

A MULE NO LONGER

THE master of the inn made haste to secure the mule, and was much disturbed for fear some mishap had befallen the archbishop. Night was at hand, or he would have dispatched a servant immediately to investigate.

When Peter was once again at the manger he had time to consider the mistake he had made in becoming a mule.

“Ah! I would gladly undergo any punishment if I could regain my former shape,” he mused. “Many a time my wife has called me a donkey, and if she was right in so doing, I think I ought to have made a good mule, but it has been far otherwise.”

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Just then he observed a hostler coming into the stable. It was the same one with whom he had changed places, and he thought the man looked very sorrowful.

The moment the hostler saw the archbishop's mule he went to it and said, "Peter, how do you like being a mule?"

Then the power of speaking the human language returned to Peter, who replied: "As for liking it, I enjoyed carrying the archbishop as much as he enjoyed being carried. But I am not accustomed to this sort of life, and I wish I was quit of it."

"If that be the case," the hostler said, "hold down your head and we will change back to our old selves. The truth is, I never could live in the same house with that wife of yours. By my faith! I would rather bear my master's saddle till I drop in my tracks than listen to your wife's tongue from morning till night for a single day."

“But her ways are not so bad to one who is used to them,” Peter declared, “and I am willing—”

“Make haste!” the hostler interrupted. “I hear her knocking at the door. Down with your head!” and the hostler grasped the mule’s ears.

In a twinkling they changed places, and Peter turned to meet his wife. She had some sharp things to say to him, but he answered her with such unexpected gentleness that her wrath was much softened.

Indeed, with the remembrance always clear in his mind of what he had suffered as a mule, he was never afterward inclined to return sharp answers when his wife scolded; and this made her far less apt to scold, so that their home life was greatly improved.

On the morning after the arrival of the runaway mule, the master of the inn concluded to go himself to learn what had hap-

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pened to the archbishop. He found him unwilling ever again to ride the creature, and anxious to sell it for whatever the innkeeper would give. Accordingly the innkeeper bought it for a small sum, and Peter the hostler became its caretaker.

Peter always treated the mule with great friendliness and sometimes spoke to it. In response to his words it would look at him with an intelligence that made him quite certain it understood. But it never replied, which Peter thought was because it was entirely content to be what it was and wanted to attempt no more experimenting.

XIII

THE DWARF'S TURNIPS

ONCE there was a dwarf named Rips who dwelt in the mountains, and who was a magician able to change himself into any form he chose. But he could do this only when he left his native heights. While there he was always a dwarf.

Round about the mountains was farming country with fruitful fields and thatched cottages. Sheep and cattle grazed on the verdant meadows, and you could often hear the sweet tones of a shepherd's flute.

The king of this region had a beautiful daughter whose name was Elsa. Rips saw her one day as she strolled about in company with her maidens, and he immediately fell in love with her.

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Then he assumed the appearance of a powerful prince from the Far East, and went to her father's court with lavish display and a magnificent retinue. He asked that Elsa might become his wife, and the king was not opposed to the match. But the princess positively refused her consent, for she was already betrothed to a neighboring prince.

Rips, however, determined not to be balked. Through his magical power he had a palace built in a single night for her on one of the mountains. Then he transported her thither and said, "Here you shall remain until you consent to be my bride."

He was obliged to appear before her in his true form of a dwarf, but he tried to win her affection by doing all he could for her except allowing her to go away. Everything in and about the palace was delightful, and he made himself as agreeable as possible.

That she might not feel lonely he fur-

nished her with a wand and a basketful of turnips, and said: "Fair lady, you need only to touch a turnip with the wand to change it into any kind of person or animal you choose."

So she supplied herself with counterfeit companions and lived pleasantly enough for a long time. Yet always she eagerly sought some means of escape.

Rips sowed a plot of ground to turnips so that she should not fail to have all she could possibly want for supplying herself with companions. When the turnips were three or four inches high Elsa asked him to count the number of plants.

"I have finally decided to become your wife and want to know how many persons will be at the wedding, for I intend to give life to every turnip in the patch you sowed and have them present at the ceremony. But you must be accurate in your count.

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Any mistake would cause me to change my mind.”

Rips, beside himself with joy, began his task. He skipped around among the growing turnips as nimbly as a sparrow might that was picking up grains of wheat.

Such was his zeal that he soon finished, but to be positively certain that he had made no mistake he counted again. To his annoyance, he found that the two counts did not agree.

This made it necessary for him to count a third time, but the amount that time did not agree with either of the other amounts. His faulty counting was not to be wondered at considering the crowded confusion of the plants. Besides, his thoughts were more occupied with the fair Elsa than with his work.

Again and again the simple-hearted dwarf counted the turnips, and while he was doing so Elsa changed one of the turnips into a

magnificent steed. She mounted and fled over hill and dale until she reached her father's palace in safety. A short time afterward she married the prince to whom she was betrothed.

How long Rips continued at his task of turnip counting I do not know, but the people of the region have called him in mockery the Turnip Counter ever since the princess Elsa escaped from him.

XIV

A KIND SERVANT LASS

ONE fine afternoon a rich farmer's wife and her daughter went forth from the village where they lived to walk in the fields. Presently, as they were rambling along a bypath in a little glen, they met a ragged man. He stopped, with his hat in his hands, and asked the way to the village.

"If you want to know, find out for yourself," the woman replied rudely.

Then her daughter tossed her head scornfully, and said to the man, "We don't care to talk to such shabby folks as you are."

Thereupon, the ragged man, who was an angel in disguise, turned away from the mother and daughter, saying, "May those

two discourteous people become as black as night and as ugly as owls.”

No sooner had he spoken than they changed in accord with his words.

The ragged man walked on, and after a while he met a servant lass who worked for the proud woman. She had finished her day's task, and was going to the woods after flowers. But when the ragged man asked her how to get to the village, she turned back and went with him far enough to show him the way.

At parting he gave her a blessing, and said, “Now choose three things, and they shall be given to you.”

“Well,” the girl said, “I wish first to be beautiful.”

As she spoke her skin became delicately pink and fair, and no one could have been prettier or more graceful.

“Next,” she said, “I would like to have a

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purse which would always have money in it, no matter how much I took out."

This request the angel granted also, but said, "Forget not what is best."

"For the third thing," the maiden continued, "I wish to be kind and good."

"That was wisely chosen, and you shall have your desire," the angel told her. Then he disappeared.

The servant lass went to the woods, gathered some flowers, and returned with them to the farmhouse where she worked. While she was arranging the flowers in a vase the proud woman came in with her daughter. When they saw how fair and beautiful the servant lass was in contrast to their own black ugly faces, evil thoughts entered their hearts, and they plotted to injure her.

The girl had a brother named Reginald. They loved each other dearly, and she told him everything that had happened. Regi-

nald was one of the coachmen at the king's palace, which was in a city not far from the village where his sister lived. In his leisure he painted pictures, and he did this painting very cleverly.

"I wish I could have you always with me," he told his sister. "But as that cannot be, I will paint your portrait and keep that to look at."

So he painted her portrait, and hung it in his room at the palace. Every day he used to stand before it and bless the angel for being so good to his sister.

The king learned of this strange habit of his servant's, and he ordered the portrait to be brought to him. When he saw the picture of the beautiful girl, he summoned Reginald, and asked, "Whom does this portrait represent?"

"It is a picture of my sister," Reginald replied.

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“She shall be my bride,” the king declared. “I will have a cloth-of-gold dress and jeweled hood and other splendid garments brought for her, while you get ready your coach and horses. Then you shall drive with the fine raiment to where she lives, and bring her back.”

Réginald was soon on his way, and when he delivered the king’s message to his sister she was astonished and delighted. But she told the woman and daughter, in whose home she worked, of her good fortune, and they were jealous.

The black girl took her mother aside, and complained bitterly. “No such luck is ever likely to befall me,” she grumbled. “Here is our servant lass about to become a queen. Why should she fare so much better than I do?”

“Be quiet,” the mother said. “She seems to have the advantage of you now, but wait

a little and I will contrive to have you change places with her.”

Then the woman, who was something of a witch, caused a half blindness to come over the coachman's eyes, and dulled the hearing of the servant girl's ears.

“My daughter and I will go to the palace with your sister,” she said to Reginald.

So, as soon as the servant lass had put on the rich robes sent to her by the king, the three women got into the carriage.

XV

THE SWAN MAIDEN

REGINALD climbed up to his seat on the outside of the coach, at the front, and started to drive to the palace. The day was clouded, a rude wind blew, and presently rain began to fall. Reginald thought the coach curtains had better be let down and he called to his sister, saying:

“ ’Tis storming now, my sister dear;
Shut out the wind that blows so drear,
For should the rain against you beat
You’d not be fit the king to greet.”

“What does my brother say?” the servant lass asked.

“Oh! he says you are to take off your fine

golden dress and jeweled hood and give them to my daughter," the woman replied.

So the girl took off the golden dress and jeweled hood, and the witch's daughter put them on, and gave hers to the servant lass.

By and by the coachman spoke again, saying:

" 'Tis storming still, my sister dear;
Keep out the wind that blows so drear,
For should the rain against you beat
You'd not be fit the king to greet."

"What does my brother say this time?" the servant lass asked.

"He tells you to look out of the window and see the palace in the distance," the woman answered.

They were passing over a narrow bridge, under which ran a deep river. When the girl looked out, the witch gave her a violent push, and she fell down into the stream.

She sank, and a moment later there appeared at the spot a snow-white swan that swam away with the current.

Reginald had observed nothing of what had happened, and he drove along to the palace, where he presented the black girl to the king.

“This is my sister, whose portrait you have seen,” he announced. And he really thought she was his sister, for his eyes were so dim he could see only the glitter of the jeweled hood and cloth-of-gold dress.

The king was terribly enraged when he saw the ugliness of his proposed bride, and he ordered the coachman to be flung into a dungeon. Scarcely had this been done when the witch woman contrived by her arts to dull the king’s eyesight so that he no longer perceived the blackness and uncouthness of her daughter’s face. Preparations were at once begun for a grand wedding.

One evening a swan came swimming up a stream that flowed through the palace grounds. When near the royal kitchen it came forth from the water, passed through the open kitchen doorway, and said to the cookmaid:

“Now make a brisker fire, I pray;
For I would warm me, if I may.”

The cookmaid put more wood on the fire, and the swan stood on the hearth and smoothed down its feathers with its bill. After it finished, it asked, “Where is my brother, Reginald?”

The cook maid answered:

“He’s in a dungeon underground
With walls of granite all around.”

Then the swan asked, “Where is my mistress, the black woman?”

The cookmaid replied:

“Oh! she is here right in this house,
Up in her room still as a mouse.”

After that the swan went out to the stream and swam away. But the next night it came again and asked the same questions. When it had gone, the cookmaid felt that she ought not to keep this matter to herself any longer. So she went and told the king.

The following evening he came to the kitchen to see if the swan would appear a third time. Sure enough, it presently arrived. But as soon as it saw the king it changed to a beautiful maiden. At the same moment his sight became clear, and he perceived that she was exactly like the portrait he had so much admired.

The king was greatly rejoiced, and he ordered royal garments to be brought. When she had arrayed herself in them, she told him how she had been betrayed by cunning

and deceit, and how she had changed to a swan after being pushed into the river.

“And now,” she said in conclusion, “I beg you to release my brother without delay.”

That was done. Then the king sent for the witch and her daughter. But they had fled, and they never again showed themselves in his kingdom.

Preparations for a wedding were already well under way at the palace, and soon the king married the beautiful servant lass; and he placed her brother in a position of power and influence.

XVI

AN EAGLE MAN

ONCE there was an old Indian chief named Polthe, who was a magician. His home was a cave in a Southern California canyon beside a river. He spoke words of wisdom to the people of his tribe, he taught the young boys the sacred songs and dances, and everybody loved him.

It was commonly believed that he could call spirits to his aid whenever he wished, and that he understood the cries of all the birds and animals.

When the rains held back too long, Polthe and his sister Pilwan would go in the evening to a great rock on the mountain-side near the village. There, far into the night, the Indians could hear them singing to the



spirit of the clouds. Before morning the white mist from the sea would come stealing up the river canyon, and roll over the mountains. Then the raindrops would fall on the thirsty ground, and make all the growing things fresh and green again.

The hunters used to bring to Polthe's cave some of the game they killed so that he did not need to seek it for himself. But as time went on game in the vicinity became scarce, and the hunters often went far away to other valleys, and even then brought little home.

The tribe might have suffered from hunger if Polthe had not begun going after game. Always he returned with more rabbits than the best of the village hunters. This caused much wonder, but no man could learn his secret. Whenever the hunting party reached the place where they intended to hunt, Polthe would go away by himself and no one would see him again until the

hunters met in the evening to start for home.

Once Polthe's favorite grandson, Keleet, asked the old man if he might go with him to hunt.

Polthe laid his hand on the youth's shoulder, and said: "We cannot hunt together. No man can ever hunt with me. If any one should follow and spy on me it would only bring sorrow to us all."

Keleet bowed his head and never spoke of the matter again, but some of his fellows were not so discreet. They were eager to find out how Polthe brought home so much food, that they might do the same and be great men in the village.

One day, when the hunters had gone far from the village on a hunting trip, two of them, named Quilyep and Conolah, determined to follow Polthe and learn his secret.

"I am tired of our slow way of hunting," Quilyep declared.



Chanting for rain

“So am I,” Conolah said. “We can rarely get more than three or four rabbits apiece in a day when we have to watch and wait and shoot with arrows. Polthe seldom gets less than ten.”

They started away in the direction the old chief had taken down a valley. The lower part of the valley was level and open, but was bordered by hills, at the foot of which grew a fringe of brush.

For more than a mile the two men walked along keeping in the shelter of the brush that they might not be seen. At length they came to the borders of a stream where it made a foaming plunge of more than a hundred feet over the rocks to the bottom of the wild canyon. Then it went on down the gorge around huge bowlders, and over smooth slippery ledges with intervening quiet pools.

Along the borders of the stream here

grew tall ferns, wild grapevines, and a few oak and sycamore trees. At the head of the canyon rose a high perpendicular cliff.

The two men hid in a clump of sumac bushes that grew near the crest of the falls, and from there they could see the old chief on the loftiest pinnacle of the cliff. As they watched he raised both arms high above his head. Then his voice came to them faintly.

"He is singing," Quilyep whispered. "If we would learn his secret we must go nearer that we may hear his words. Come."

They crept back through the bushes, and made a circuit to the side of the cliff away from the river. There it could be climbed, and they went higher and higher till they could hear and see Polthe plainly. They finally stopped in a thicket of wild lilac bushes.

Polthe's bow and arrows lay on the

ground behind him. He would stretch his arms toward the sky, swaying his body from side to side, and singing in a high shrill voice: "Lift me up! Lift me up!"

Then his arms would drop to his sides, and he would sing in a lower tone: "Shake me off! Shake me off!" While he sang this his whole body would tremble as if with a hard chill.

He repeated the two parts of the song again and again, and Quilyep and Conolah listened, crouched close to the ground, holding to each other for courage. At length they observed that though the singing and swaying continued, Polthe had changed.

His body did not have quite the usual shape, and it was covered with what looked like the soft downy feathers one sees on young birds. Then the downy feathers fell

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off and floated out over the canyon on the breeze, while other and larger feathers replaced them.

“Fools that we are to be spying on a magician while he talks with the spirits!” Quilyep groaned. “If he sees us he may strike us dead.”

Conolah said nothing, but his teeth chattered with fear.

The song grew fainter and slower and at last stopped. Then there stood on the rock only a great eagle smoothing his feathers.

The two men started to retreat, but in their fear and confusion they stepped on a dry branch which broke with a noise of startling sharpness. The eagle turned his head and saw them with his piercing eyes.

Immediately afterward they heard the eagle's wings beating the air, and he uttered his wild scream. They looked back. The rocky ledge was deserted, but far down the

canyon floated the great bird on wide-spread wings.

“Now we know the secret of the many rabbits Polthe brought,” Quilyep said.

“Yes,” Conolah responded, shaking his head sadly, “we know the secret, but little good will it do us.”

XVII

THE MAGICIAN'S RETURN

THEY descended to the valley and sat by a spring until afternoon. Then they hunted for a time, and each killed one rabbit. At sunset they joined the other men of the party at the head of the valley, ready to start for the home village.

All were there except Polthe, and they waited for him. As time passed, and it grew dark, Keleet became anxious, for his grandfather was an old man and had been hunting alone all day.

Quilyep and Conolah were very uneasy, and they showed it by their actions. Keleet noticed this, and he went to them and asked, "Do you know why my grandfather does not come?"

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The men hung their heads and made no reply.

“Did you spy on him to learn the secret of his hunting?” Keleet questioned sternly, and all the other hunters gathered close around to hear the answer.

The two men were reluctant to speak, but finally Conolah said in a low voice, “Yes, we followed him.”

“Alas, alas!” the youth wailed, “we shall never see my grandfather again.”

One of the older men now requested that Conolah and Quilyep tell all they knew of the matter. The dark threatening faces that surrounded the two men made it evident that they must speak frankly, and they told the story of the eagle.

When they finished all felt that it was useless to wait longer. Sadly and in silence they started on the trail toward home.

It was late when the tired men came in

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sight of the twinkling fires of the village. The children were asleep, but the women were waiting for the hunters. When the hunting party came to where the women were, old Pilwan stepped forward.

“Where is Polthe?” she asked, looking eagerly from one to another of the men.

For a moment no one answered. Then Keleet took her wrinkled hands in his and told what had occurred.

As he finished, the woman began to wail: “Come back to us, Polthe! Come back, come back!”

They wailed and wept all night, but old Polthe did not come. The people mourned for many weeks. Often, when the gloom of evening was filling the valley, Pilwan would creep away to the great rock on the mountain-side near the village. There she would stay singing alone until morning.

“She is calling Polthe,” the Indians would whisper to each other as they listened.

After one of these nights spent in singing on the rock, Pilwan came back early in the morning, and Polthe accompanied her. With cries of joy the people ran to meet them—all except Quilyep and Conolah. These two went away and hid in the brush.

Keleet seemed more glad than any of the others. As Polthe looked at his shining face he smiled, grasped his hand and drew him to his side. Then he addressed those who had gathered around, saying:

“My people, it is for your good that I have come back. You have no magician to lead you, and your eyes cannot see the way of wisdom. Therefore I will stay a little while to teach Keleet the many things he needs to know. When I go away he will be able to lead you, and you must accept his

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council, even as in the past you have accepted mine.”

Sorrow showed in all faces as Polthe spoke of going away, for they loved the old man well and were hoping he was to be with them as before.

Polthe missed the two men who had spied on him and he asked where they were. When he was told that they had hidden for fear of his anger he sent Keleet to find them. The youth soon returned with the men, who were trembling with fright.

“Fear no more,” Polthe said. “You have been punished enough.”

When the men heard that they fell at the old man’s feet with cries of joy and thankfulness, for they had fancied he might strike them dead for spying on him.

Polthe stayed many days in the village, and Keleet was always with him. Every evening the old man and Pilwan would go to

the great rock where they sang to the spirits, and the young chief, Keleet, went with them. After a few evenings had passed, the Indians heard three voices instead of two, and they knew Keleet was learning. He and his companions would sing for several hours and then return to the village.

But one time they stayed on the rock all night. The people heard their voices, and not until the first faint light of day appeared in the east was there silence.

The villagers gathered in front of Polthe's cave, expecting every moment to see the singers coming toward them. Then, in the stillness, one voice began singing alone. It was the voice of Polthe, and his song was different from what any of them except Quilyep and Conolah had ever heard before.

The two hunters recognized the eagle song and knew that Polthe was about to depart. They fell on their faces with a cry of fear,

and there was anxiety and sadness in the hearts of all.

At length the song grew fainter and slower, and finally it stopped. Then, just as the sun rose above the mountain-top, they heard the scream of an eagle, and saw the great bird flying slowly upward in the clear air.

Now every one understood, and a long wailing cry arose as they stretched their arms toward the eagle, rising higher and higher above their heads. Pilwan and Keleet came down from the spirit rock and stood with the others, stretching their arms upward and crying, "Come back, Polthe; come back!"

From far aloft above the mountain the eagle screamed three times, as if in answer, but Polthe never came back.

XVIII

THE RIVAL LOVERS

TOM and Willie were two young fishermen who lived on the wild west coast of Scotland. They worked together very peaceably until both fell in love with the same maiden. After that things did not go so smoothly.

It so happened, one October afternoon when they were out in their boat, that a sudden storm assailed them. The wind blew so hard that they were compelled to run for the nearest shelter, which was a haven in the islet of Linga.

The men considered themselves fortunate when they reached this haven safely, even though the islet was uninhabited and in spite of their having with them neither food nor

means of kindling a fire. There was, however, on the island a hut occasionally used by fishermen in summer. So the castaways at least had a roof over their heads.

For two days the storm raged without ceasing, and the situation of the men began to be serious. Willie awoke early on the morning of the third day and discovered that the weather had faired and that the wind blew in a favoring direction for getting back. He noiselessly left the hut without rousing Tom and hastened to where the boat lay hauled up on the shore.

“This is a chance I’m never likely to have again,” he muttered. “If Tom goes back with me he’ll win the girl we both love. If I go alone and he does not return, I’ll win her.”

By dint of great exertion he launched the boat unaided. Then he hoisted the sail and sped away before the breeze toward home.

In due time he arrived there and told a tragic tale to account for the absence of his comrade.

The story was believed by every one except the fair Osla, whom he at once began to court anew. She turned a deaf ear to all his entreaties, for she did not love him, and she felt that Tom, in whose welfare she felt a tender interest, had been the victim of foul play.

Willie would have had small chance of success had it not been that Osla's father regarded him with favor, and made light of her objections. The father urged her to accept him, and at last she acquiesced, and an early date was fixed for the wedding.

The poor girl was in great distress. One night, after she had cried herself to sleep, she dreamed that she saw Tom alive on the islet of Linga. Such an impression did the dream make on her that she went next morn-

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ing to the house of Tom's parents and begged them to start a search for their missing son.

They were reluctant to do this, notwithstanding their love for him. "What possible good could we accomplish?" they said. "Even if he escaped death in the sea and found a refuge on that barren islet of Linga he must have perished long before now from exposure and starvation."

But the girl persisted in her entreaties and finally prevailed. A boat was manned and steered toward Linga. When it approached its destination, sure enough, the islet was inhabited as Osla had predicted. For there was Tom watching in hope of rescue.

He met his friends on the beach, and as soon as the first eager greetings were over they asked him how it happened that he looked so fresh and robust after spending months on a rocky islet where they supposed food was entirely lacking.

Then he told his story. On the day that Willie deserted him he awoke to find himself alone in the hut. Presently he went outside and down to the shore where he and Willie had drawn up their boat. To his dismay, the boat was gone, and when he looked seaward he saw it far off toward the horizon. He watched it till it was gone from view, and then he sat down on the rocks and gave way to despair.

Plainly his comrade had basely and heartlessly deserted him. It was not likely that the islet would be visited until the spring fishing season came round again. Nor did he see any chance that his friends would search for him, with no clue as to where he was among the many wild islands scattered along the coast, even if they thought he might have escaped drowning.

The day passed slowly, and his thoughts were full of dismal forebodings. At night-

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fall he betook himself to his shakedown of straw in the hut.

When he and Willie found themselves stormbound on the islet, he had taken from the boat a loaded fowling-piece with the hope that he might shoot some sea-bird that would serve them for food. He still had the loaded gun, and he put it down beside him, saying, "I will get up in the morning as soon as there is light enough to see, and try to get a breakfast with my gun. If I fail, hunger will shortly make me too weak to stir."

Darkness closed in, and he slept. But about midnight he was suddenly awakened. Great was his astonishment to find that the hut was aglow with a strange illumination, whilst there smote on his ears a queer inhuman hum of voices accompanied by the patter of many pairs of little feet, and the jingle of gold and silver dishes. A fairy

banquet was being prepared in the hut.

Tom cautiously raised himself on his elbow and watched the proceedings. With infinite bustle and clatter the fairies finished setting the table, and then a party of trolls entered carrying a chair in which sat the fairy queen. All bowed down and gave her honor.

The company seated themselves around the table, and the banquet was about to begin when, in a moment, the scene of festivity was changed to one of wild alarm and confusion. The presence of a human being had been detected, and at a word from the queen the fairies swarmed together and prepared to rush on the intruder and destroy him.

But when they began to run forward he picked up his fowling-piece, raised it to his shoulder, and fired. Instantly the light was extinguished, and all was darkness, silence, and solitude.

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Morning came, and not a fairy was to be seen. But there was their untasted banquet on the table. The food was very welcome to famishing Tom. It was bountiful in quantity and delicious in quality. Never before in his life had he fared so delicately.

There was food enough to last for a long time, and he was relieved of any fear of imminent starvation. As the days passed he spent some of his too abundant leisure in packing up the gold and silver dishes, and when the rescue party arrived at the islet he was soon ready to go back with them.

His return home was the occasion of great rejoicings among all who knew him; and it is hardly necessary to add that Tom and Osla were soon made man and wife. They lived happily and prosperously for the rest of their days.

But things went wrong with Willie. He lost his health, and he lost his property, and

there were no regrets among his neighbors when he moved away and was seen in that region no more.

XIX

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA

LONG, long ago, there came to earth an old man whose name was Vanemine. His hair and beard were white, yet his heart was always young. He loved music more than anything else. The old man's voice was soft and low, and he was the sweetest singer that ever lived.

Vanemine could hear music in the flowers, in the stars, and in the trees. He could hear it in everything on the earth and in the sky.

One day he said to himself: "I am very sorry for the people who cannot hear all the beautiful music that I hear. I will make a harp and they can listen while I play on it some of the wonderful music that is in the world."

He made the body of the harp from the wood of the fir tree, he made the screws from the teeth of a big pike that he caught below a waterfall, and he used hairs from the mane of a horse to make the strings.

When he finished the harp he drew his fingers lightly over the strings and brought forth tones that were clear, strong, and beautiful.

Winter was just coming to an end, and he wandered through the bare and silent forest playing as he walked. As he went along, life was awakened where before there had been stillness as of death.

The trees bent down their branches to listen, and began to bud and blossom. The birds drew near and followed him that they might hear the sweet music. When his feet touched the earth, the flowers pushed up from the soil and lifted their heads shyly to catch the delicious harmony.

The gray wolves came from their hiding-places in the marshes and sat on the hills near where Vanemine passed. The bears left their homes in the hollow trees and clambered over the rocks and pushed through the brush in their eagerness to get close to the wonderful music.

So tenderly charming were the harmonies that when men heard them anger ceased and their thoughts were thoughts of peace. There were no quarrels nor cross words where even the faintest echo of the music went. The hardest hearts were softened. There was not a living thing that could resist the witchery of Vanemine's music.

All this happened whenever he touched his harp strings and sang his beautiful songs. One morning his wanderings brought him to the shore of the great ocean. There he sat down on a rock close to the water's edge and played gently on his wonderful harp.

But by and by he laid aside the harp and began to sing. He sang as he had never sang before. He sang of the glory of the heavens and the beauty of the earth, of flowing streams and rustling leaves, and of the joys and sorrows that come to all people, rich and poor alike.

As he sang the golden Sun paused in his course to listen, and the great waves of the sea ceased to heave. All the fishes, big and little, swam toward the shore and lifted their heads above the surface of the water that they might hear better.

Suddenly Vanemine was caught up by the four winds, who, with their powerful wings, carried him to the palace of the sky, there to live and sing forever.

The sea nymphs found his harp on the yellow sands at the water's edge, and they took it to their king in his shell palace at the bottom of the ocean. Ever since then they have

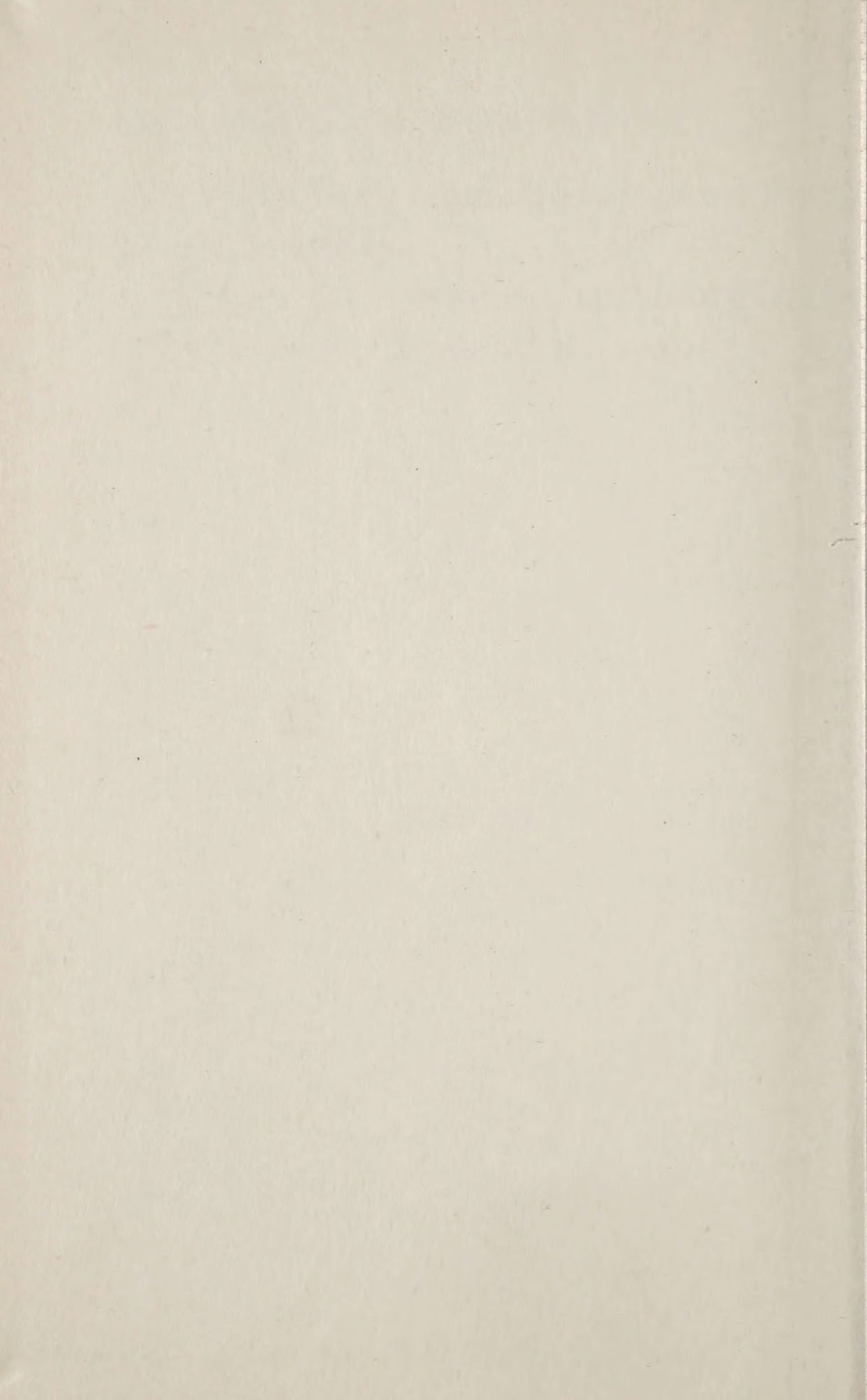
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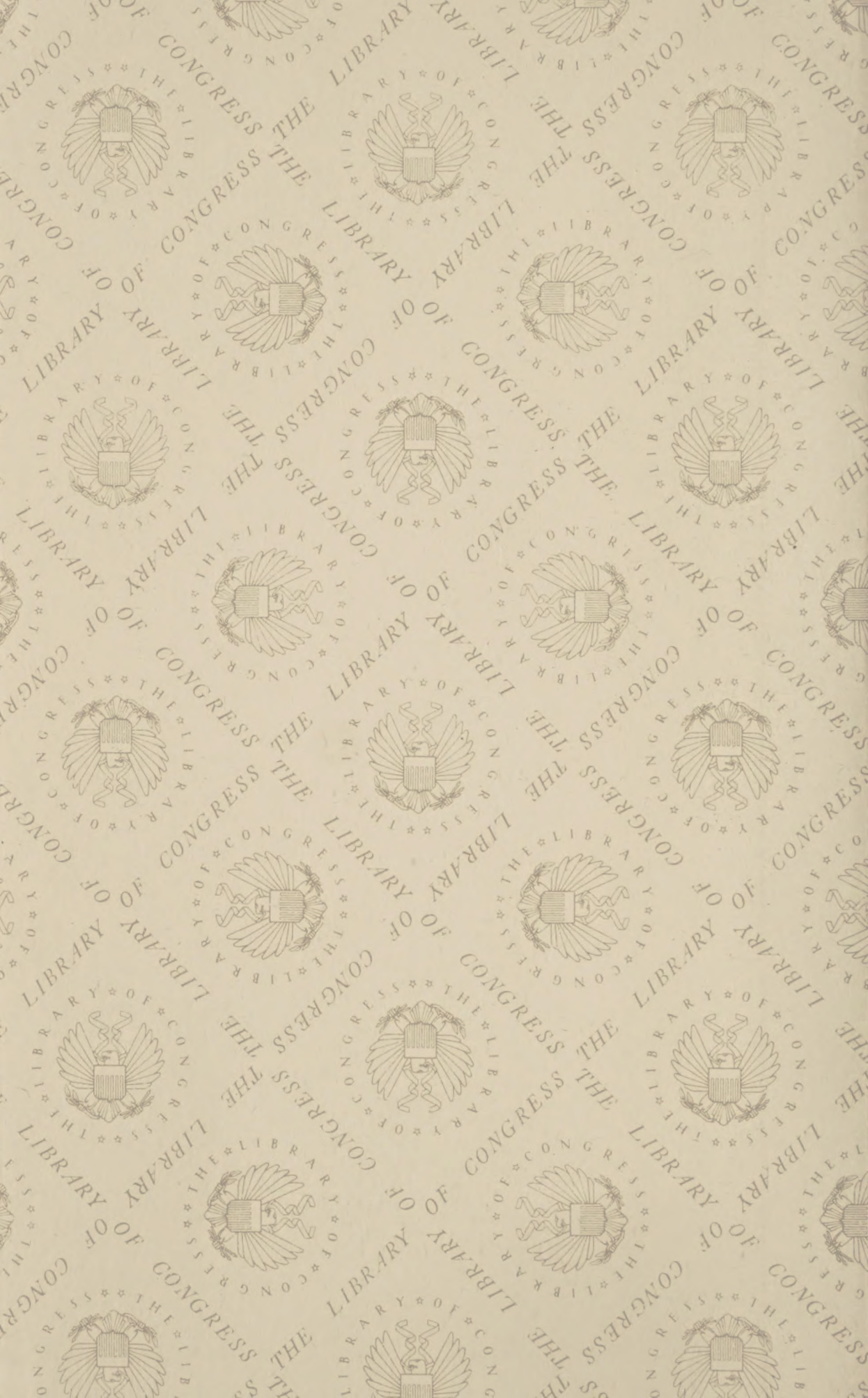
played on it there night and day, never tiring of its sweet tones.

The harp of Vanemine is still heard in the low murmuring music of the sea.

THE END

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